

PRICE THREE CENTS

WONDERFUL CURES Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by express, but where possible, personal consultation is preferred. Curable cases guaranteed. Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of List of 139 questions free. Address, with postage,
Dr. B. E. OTTMAN, 255 E. Broad st., Columbus,

What Shall I Do?

Is the earnest, earnest speaking cry of weary, tired, nervous women, and crowded, overworked, struggling men. Slight difficulties, ordinary care, household work or daily labor, magnify themselves into seemingly insuperable mountains.

This is simply because the nerves are weak, the bodily organs debilitated, and they do not.

Take

proper nourishment. Feed the nerves, organs and tissues on rich red blood, and how soon the glow of health comes to the pale cheeks, firmness to the waxy hand, and strength to the faltering limb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood and thus the best friend to unfortunate humanity. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. All druggists. \$1.50 for \$3.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

A WOMAN'S MEDICAL CLUB.

Doing Much Good and Promising to Do More—What It Is Like.

The first anniversary of the Woman's Medical club of Chicago reminds us again of the fact that women's clubs continue to multiply and flourish and gain respectful recognition despite the skepticism of curious husbands, who were inclined to subject them to critical inspection when they first began to see light, and they have reached a point, too, where they represent as much diversity in tone as the man's club. This medical club, formed one year ago, was the first club of the kind ever organized in this country exclusively for women, and its object is to afford social as well as scientific advantages, to furnish opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance among women of the medical profession and bring about a harmony between them which could not exist without some means of meeting together and holding discussions entirely independent of the men. Women are not cordially received in men's medical societies, so this medical club was a natural consequence. Last, but not an altogether unimportant reason for establishing this club, was the mere frivolous one of giving them a chance to indulge in harmless gossip over the cup of tea which is a woman's substitute for the cigar and glass of wine which men find necessary to be sociable, and whether she is a serious minded doctor or a society woman she delights in her cup of tea and the friendly intercourse it brings.

That the progress of women in the medical profession is continuous is attested by the increasing number of women physicians and their growing success, in spite of the fact that they have to contend with a lack of faith in their skill and judgment simply because they are women. The city of Chicago, with the suburbs, claims 250 women doctors, and many of those among the younger women are fitted to be surgeons. Dr. Gertrude Gail Wellington, who is a graduate of the Women's Medical college of the New York infirmary, was the first president of the club and has ably served her term of one year. Besides the usual number of ruling officers there is a board of counselors, to whom all questions in regard to the ethics of the medical profession are referred.

During one year the club has given a number of entertainments and receptions, besides several banquets at the Auditorium hotel, to which men in the profession were invited. Aside from the social part, the women have done some good work in municipal reforms. By soliciting the aid of the press, and their own combined efforts, they succeeded in preventing the proposed abolishment of milk inspectors, and petitioned the city council to consider the necessity of a smallpox hospital, which was finally built. The disposition of garbage and the best methods for removing it is another subject which has received their attention.

Dr. Wellington has taken great interest in the punishment of boys between 13 and 17, who are now sent to prison, where they associate with other criminals, and recommends the establishment of a school for them where they can be taught according to their special needs, and that they be sent to an asylum where they can have a doctor's care rather than to the penitentiary. The "pet scheme" which absorbs some of the attention of the club just at present is to establish a free hospital in connection with the International Medical Mission institute, a college which gives both men and women a practical education in medicine. It will be interesting to watch the result of this concerted action among the medical women, as there certainly is a wide range of subjects which may come up for discussion and no limit to the good which is within their power to promote.—New York Sun.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

He failed to use the Clinic Kidney Cure for his kidney complaint. 81 H. F. Vorkamp, on corner Main and North streets.

Ask and Angel.

Probably no two artists ever criticized each other more severely than did Fuseli and Northcote; yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fuseli was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote, after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fuseli, promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VOICE OF THE CHURCH

ITS HIGHEST DIGNITARIES SUPPORT PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

All Agree War Between the Two Nations Would Be a Great Calamity. Arbitration the Proper Method Upholding of Monroe Doctrine Considered Imperative.

It is interesting in a critical juncture like the present one between the United States and Great Britain to know what is the opinion of the various high dignitaries of the church on the matter. The New York World has interviewed many of these, and some of the most interesting replies are here set forth:

Archbishop Ryan—I have not sufficiently examined the subject to give an opinion on the application of the Monroe doctrine to the present circumstances, but I have great confidence in both the sound judgment and sense of responsibility of Mr. Cleveland. I hope, of course, that the matter will be settled without war. I believe it will be so settled.

Right Rev. Bishop McLaren of the Episcopal church—I think, speaking as an American, that if the Monroe doctrine is attacked and attempted to be overturned in its practical bearing on the Americas by any foreign power it is the duty of the government of the United States to stand by that doctrine. If attacked by the arts of diplomacy, this country must meet the attack with diplomatic defense; if by force of arms, then by force of arms. But I do not believe that this matter will reach the arbitrament of force. That would be a worldwide calamity. I hope the diplomats will fight it out.

Bishop Charles P. Cheney of the Reformed Episcopal church—Since England so haughtily refused to submit a question of this character to arbitration patriotism demands that the country should rally to the support of its principles. At the same time I regard it as an irreparable calamity that two great Christian nations, bound by common blood and common speech, should be drawn into a war that has its origin in one of the wretched Spanish-American republics.

Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church—I should hate the Monroe doctrine put to the issue of war, but I am a firm believer in it. I have been through one war in which great principles were defended, and should deplore another war, above all a war with England. But, I believe, as the foundation of the Monroe doctrine, that this continent should be consecrated to free republican government. Some of the American nations may not be the best fitted for that form of government, but even if not, that is no warrant for the suppression of free government by foreign interference. I decidedly favor the principle of an American protectorate, without interference over the weaker republics. With any other nation than England I should not hesitate to prefer war to the abandonment of the Monroe doctrine. With England I do not like to contemplate the possibility of war, but I feel that England must ultimately recognize the Monroe doctrine as a part of international law. We are making international law every day, and if this particular principle is not now formally recognized, it must inevitably come to be so.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul—I will not say a word. It is a subject on which I wish to remain silent.

The Right Rev. Frederic D. Huntington, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of central New York—If President Cleveland's message should precipitate or cause a war between the United States and England, I think it would be regretted. Whether it is calculated or ought to provoke war is a question for diplomatists and statesmen. What has appeared from abroad since the message was delivered seems to me to prove that the Monroe doctrine cannot be claimed to belong to international law. I am an admirer of President Cleveland as a statesman.

Right Rev. William Andrew Leonard, Episcopal bishop, whose diocese embraces the northern part of Ohio—All that I can say is that I hope there will be no war, and that I know that our representatives in congress will not permit the dignity of the United States to suffer. Every true American wants to see the dignity of the nation maintained, and every ardent man hopes that there will be no necessity for war with England or any other nation.

P. L. Chapelle, archbishop of Santa Fe—I approve most highly the president's message in favor of Venezuela and the Monroe doctrine, even at the point of war between Great Britain and the United States. I hope that the president and congress will not abandon the stand they have taken. There will be no war, for Great Britain will at least acknowledge that the policy of this country is just and reasonable.

Very Rev. Henry Osgrove, bishop of the Catholic diocese, Davenport, Ia.—I do most emphatically approve of the stand taken by President Cleveland in his message upon the Venezuelan boundary dispute and do not believe that this country is going to back down to England, even if it comes to war. I have read the message thoroughly and do not see how a patriotic American could have taken any other position in the premises.

Archbishop P. W. Riordan, head of the Catholic diocese, San Francisco—I endorse President Cleveland's message to the fullest extent.

Even to the extent of war with England?

"Yes, even to that extremity if necessary, although I do not think Americans will be called upon to take up

arms against Great Britain." President Salisbury will find a way out of the difficulty without recourse to open hostilities.

Bishop J. L. Higgins, of Kansas City—America is a land of refuge from oppression. Americans are refugees from oppression. Americans who would passively see their country invaded and dominated by their former oppressors would be false to their mission and deserve to be branded as cowards. Americanism, as announced by our worthy Cleveland, carries with it in the manner of a corollary an implicit declaration, which is likewise sound Monroe doctrine, that if Europe does not stop its tyrannical aggression it will be the duty of America to cross the seas to widen the area of freedom.

Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, Roman Catholic bishop, Buffalo—I am in favor of upholding the Monroe doctrine and the honor and rights of the United States at all times and in all places. However, I do not wish to discuss the particulars of the Venezuelan matter further than to say that President Cleveland's course has increased his popularity.

John B. Newton of the Episcopal diocese, Richmond, said that the question of enforcing the Monroe doctrine at the peril of war is a serious one, and one which he preferred not to discuss more fully, but he could give more thought and study to the subject.

Right Rev. A. C. Hall of the Episcopal diocese, Burlington, Vt., is an Englishman by birth, but intensely American in sentiment. He opposed the message and said:

"Heretofore I have always supported Cleveland, but henceforth I am opposed to him. I believe it is an unpardonable offense to stir up strife between the nations."

Cardinal Sarotti to Marquis Sacrapanti: "You have arrived at a particularly interesting moment in this country—a moment when a spark has been sent throughout the length and breadth of the states which calls the attention of all its citizens to a danger which is thought to menace it, and whatever may have been up to today the dividing interests of this great people a new manifestation of the patriotic spirit has responded at once to this impulse, and in reply throughout the country but one voice is heard, proclaiming that if real danger does threaten all are and will be united for the common welfare of the nation."

"We are not going to fight with Great Britain," said Dr. Parkhurst at the Amherst alumni dinner in New York. "At least I cannot believe it. There is too much at stake, and too many interests of the civilized world would be sacrificed. Let it be understood, however, that our national liberty and our dignity as a nation should not be sacrificed at any cost. If we must fight to maintain them, I will be one of the first to advocate force and hold the contest to the last. It is an easy thing, however, to get angry and say fight, but it is not an easy thing to avoid some of the terrible results. We must be deliberate and reflect upon the terrible effects such a contest would bring. It would be the most disastrous blow that civilization was ever dealt. By the Almighty God I hope that what seems to be at present an impending conflict may never take place."

ONE POLICY FOR \$500,000.

The Largest Single Life Insurance Contract Made So Far.

This introduces to a few million people a man who undoubtedly has many fine qualities to commend him to the human family, but chiefly is distinguished publicly because he has a single life insurance policy for \$500,000. He is Colonel John S. Carr of Durham, N. C., president of a tobacco company. His wife is insured for \$100,000.

There are other people who carry life insurance to the amount of \$500,000, but it is said that one company has never before issued a policy for that amount. There is Queen Victoria's erratic son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, for instance. It is said that his life is insured for \$1,000,000, which goes to prove what a valuable dead man he would be. John Wanamaker is insured for \$1,000,000.

Colonel Carr has had his life insured to provide for his children. A year ago he had his life insured for \$100,000. Last week he increased the amount to \$500,000.—New York World.

Preserved Potatoes.

Evaporated potatoes is the latest Minnesota industry, and by next fall two big evaporating establishments will be in operation. The potato crop of the past season was so vast that millions of bushels went to waste, and during the past week experiments have demonstrated that the tubers can be treated and preserved in much the same manner as apples. One factory will be located at Island Lake.

How It Reads Just Now.

With proper apologies to the Salvation Army the esteemed Congressional Record might be allowed to change its name to The War Cry.—Washington Post.

A Silent Voice Speaks.

The Monroe doctrine speaks aloud, and bids all Europe hear that no encroachments are allowed upon this hemisphere. That Uncle Sam loves ways of peace and wants them to prevail. Among all men (all wars shall cease and warfare efforts fail, but will not let a foreign state, however great she be, usurp this side or dominate American liberty. And if Great Britain tries to take Small Venezuela's side The spectacle is bound to make The blood within him boil, And may proceed him to declare That she is not his friend. Or, denouncing it as challenge, here His saber and content. —Boston T. Doyle, Washington Post.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

YOUNG FINANCIERS.

They Have Organized and Are Conducting a Building and Loan Association.

The Gilt Edge Junior Building and Loan association met in regular session Saturday night at its usual place of meeting, Mrs. John Grimm, Jr.'s, kitchen at 516 Elm street.

The kitchen table had been cleared and moved into the center of the room, and it did duty as a cashier's counter. The miniature safe was duly brought out of its closet by Eddy Grimm and deposited on the table. Opened by him, it was replete of its contents—viz, a ledger and day-book, receipt and expense books, a manila bottle, pens, a quantity of blank paper and 28 membership books.

These were distributed about the table in front of the secretary and treasurer, who were busy receiving and recording payments of dues.

The meeting was held from 8 to 9 p. m. During that time about \$5 was collected.

The members of the association are children of the Sixth district school, and their ages range from 6 to 14.

They have saved \$45, which is deposited in the Gilt Edge association, from which the junior takes its name.

The members of the Gilt Edge Junior are Robert Schraffenberger, Eddy Grimm, George Suess, G. Schraffenberger, A. Schraffenberger, A. Grimm, Charles Deffen, A. Schnell, D. Schmidt, William Dietz, J. Frey, Ed. Crumig, H. O. Roth, K. Frey, E. Haller, George Suess, Mary Blayer, William Baister.

Each of these members has three shares, which is the greatest number that any one member may hold at one time.

The association was organized last September. Its constitution provides:

1. Any desired member joining this association must obey the constitution and bylaws.

2. Each and every member can have no more than three shares, each amounting to 5 cents.

3. This building and loan company meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

4. Each and every member must pay his dues regularly every meeting night or otherwise pay 1 cent fine on every share.

5. Each and every member must pay 2 cents for initiation fee.

6. Interest is not paid if a member withdraws before six months.

7. Any person desiring to borrow a certain amount of money must give security equal to the amount borrowed.

Before a member can withdraw a committee of the officers must see his papers and get their consent. Every member has a passbook. The members were allowed at first to take their books home, but they got them soiled, and now the officers keep the books in the safe.—Cincinnati Post.

Baby Bly's Name.

Baby Bly was such a sweet little thing that no name seemed to be good enough for her. Papa proposed to name her Rose, because her cheeks were so pink, and mamma suggested Violet, because her eyes were so blue, but they both agreed that she ought to have a better name than either of these.

"I will make a list of all the names I can think of," said Aunt Lou. "Mamma can cross off from the list one name that she does not like, and then papa can cross off another, and so they will take turns till all the names are crossed off but one, and that one must be baby's name."

So she wrote a long list of names, beginning with Alice and ending with Zoe.

Baby Bly watched the writing with great interest. When the list was finished, she reached for the pen, but her little hands seem never to know where they are going, so it is no wonder that they upset the inkstand.

Everybody ran to catch it, but it was too late. The ink had run in a black stream all over the list and blotted it from top to bottom.

"But see here," said papa, "baby has chosen her own name. She has blacked out all the others on the list and has just left one."

"To be sure," said mamma, "and what name could be sweeter?"

So baby now is little Mary Bly.—Youth's Companion.

Helen Keller's Letter.

The following is Helen Keller's letter to the New York Journal and her little friends everywhere:

I am very sorry that I have no time to write something satisfactory for The Morning Journal, but you see, I am a very busy little girl. My time is wholly occupied with my studies. I study physics, geography, arithmetic, lip reading, voice training, German and French. Sometimes I feel quite overwhelmed when I think what a vast mass of knowledge this world of ours is. It is almost more than I can grasp. But when I remember the great men whose names have gone down into the dark of time and up into the mystic heights of the heavens and brought back to us the precious rays of truth which we call science, I begin to think our minds are as vast as the world, and I feel encouraged.

Wishing you and your teacher a merry, merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am, dear my friends, Helen Keller.

HEART DISEASE

SMOTHERING SENSATIONS AT NIGHT; PA TATION ON SLIGHT EXERTION.

Doctors Named it Various as Asthma, G Nervous Prostration and Heart Trouble.

The Patient Describes the Case. For Anyone has had the Symptoms the Account will be interesting.

One of the most common of all diseases is heart disease, and it is one of the most dangerous. It is often called "the silent thief" because it steals away from us without our knowing it. It is a disease of the heart, and it is a disease of the blood. It is a disease of the nerves, and it is a disease of the mind. It is a disease of the body, and it is a disease of the soul. It is a disease of the whole man, and it is a disease of the whole world.

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FAIRYLAND IN WISCONSIN.

She had a little fairy tale of her own, and she was very fond of it. It was a story of a little girl who had been taken away from her home and her mother, and who had been living in a fairyland for many years. She had been very happy there, but she had been taken away from it, and she was now in a strange place, where she was very lonely and sad. She had been looking for her mother and her home, but she had not found them yet. She was very tired and she was very hungry, and she was very sad. She had been looking for her mother and her home, but she had not found them yet. She was very tired and she was very hungry, and she was very sad.

THE RED LIGHT.

Two years ago I had qualified as stoker, and, together with the engineer, Hansler, ran the Berlin-Vienna express on the Berlin-Falkenberg division. Our train left the Central station at 5:30 in the afternoon, and on that particular day I was in the roundhouse at 3 o'clock to see that the fires were good and everything in running order. According to rules, the engineer had to be in the roundhouse an hour before the departure of the train, and usually Hansler complied with the greatest punctuality. Nevertheless, today it was a quarter to 5 and still he had not come. I tried the sandbox, the two steam pumps that force the water from the tender into the boiler, and saw diligently to the fire, which required to be in the best possible condition if we were to make the required run of 91 minutes in the given time. We could not allow ourselves full speed until we had passed the station Groez-Lichterfelde. Then there were still almost 62 miles in a stretch, and only at the larger stations through which we passed was it necessary to slacken our speed.

It was nearing 5, and still no sign of Hansler. I had come to the conclusion that he was ill or that some accident had happened to him, and was just on the point of going to the superintendent of the locomotive house and reporting the case to him when I saw Hansler approaching in considerable haste. He gave me a hasty nod and merely asked if everything were ready. Then he mounted the locomotive and tried all the valves for himself; but, while at other times he made this most important inspection of the locomotive with great care, today he did it hastily and with a lack of attention. In the midst of his inspection he stopped suddenly and seated himself upon the toolchest which is attached to the tender. For a good five minutes he sat staring blankly before him; then he laughed outright and asked me again, "Is everything ready, Max?"

"Of course, Herr Hansler," I replied. "It's about time we ran out of the shed, for we have to push a couple of locomotives out of the way before we get a clear track to the depot."

"Yes, yes," returned Hansler hurriedly, then rose and went to his post. If I had not known that he was a remarkably abstemious man, I should almost have thought he had drunk too much, but that our conscientious Hansler should come on duty with his brain befogged was inconceivable. We ran out of the roundhouse quite slowly, made our way carefully between the locomotives, and, according to orders, stood outside the depot at ten minutes before the train was to start, not having coupled as yet. We had a good head of steam, and all the valves left off the superheated vapor.

"How is your wife?" I asked, to rouse Hansler from his lethargy.

"My wife?" he asked, with a start. "She is very well, very well—she knows of nothing yet."

"Has something unpleasant happened to you, Herr Hansler?"

"Unpleasant to me? No; I know of nothing. Did I say anything? It was only a way I have of talking, and my wife must not know about it."

Two great tears rolled down his cheeks, but he turned quickly away to hide his sobs from me. I was at a loss to understand his behavior, but, after a few seconds, he turned to me again and his face was calm, even smiling.

"Don't go too far," I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered hastily, "I am very well, very well indeed."

The three stocks of the bell announced the time for departure. The train repeated signal of the condenser gave us the order to start. Hansler woke out of his heavy, gave the whistle of response, and then, as deftly as ever, he saw the train in motion.

Unless some accident should occur we would make our 91 minutes. It was exactly 5:30 when we at last pulled up in Herzberg, and punctually at 7 o'clock 11 minutes we stood again at Falkenberg. We were uncoupled and ran upon a side track. Four minutes later the train sped on its way. We ran our locomotive first to the water crane and filled for the return trip. Then we took in coal and ran upon the trackable to be set right for the home run. Lastly, we ran reverse on a siding, and after Hansler had fulfilled his duties as engineer he

went into the engineers' house to rest a bit. I had to stay up in the engine, but could take a little turn off for peace of mind, thanks to the polisher. The train in the boiler was kept at 150 degrees, but at 200 degrees and could be kept at 200 degrees for a half hour before starting. The machine started me running, I stood in a "dead" track and the pressure of steam was so great that I was unable to move it to the side of the polisher. It was an hour after our arrival, when I went to the engineers' quarters and looked up Hansler in the large waiting room. The engineers' room in Falkenberg was filled up with tables, chairs and other things. There was a small library at the end of the room, and Hansler was sitting there, reading a book. He was very tired, but he was very happy. He had been looking for his mother and his home, but he had not found them yet. He was very tired and he was very hungry, and he was very sad.

Today I found him busy writing. There were books all over the place, and Hansler was sitting at a desk, writing a letter. He was very tired, but he was very happy. He had been looking for his mother and his home, but he had not found them yet. He was very tired and he was very hungry, and he was very sad.

I asked Hansler whether he would not take a little something in the way of refreshment. He was, as I have said before, never inclined to be dissipated, but he was accustomed to drink at least one glass of beer and eat a trifle, because he did not get home for supper until 11 o'clock. Today, however, he refused, explaining:

"I have no money. I shall, in fact, have to go hungry, for I cannot eat again. Everything is gone, quite gone."

This manner of talking naturally struck me as strange. It was not intended as a joke, for Hansler did not look as if he could joke. But if it was meant in earnest it gave me cause to fear for Hansler's reason, and the messiness which had taken possession of me increased.

I could only stay in the engineers' room long enough to get a bite to eat and to drink a glass of beer. Then I had to go back to my engine to start the fires into fresh life and get up the pressure of steam. I threw coal into the firebox, raked the fire until it burned brightly, and had steam up again in a short time. When it came time to run across to the track where we were to be coupled to the Vienna express, I sent the polisher to Hansler, for the latter, contrary to his custom, did not appear of his own accord. He did not test the working of the feeding pumps and valves, either, as was his wont. He seemed today to rely entirely upon me and my conscientiousness.

The train came promptly into Falkenberg, a little before 9 o'clock, and the change of locomotives had to be made as quickly as possible. This train was full of passengers and had over a dozen coaches.

As far as Herzberg we ran at a normal rate in 12 minutes. Then to Jüterbog we had 15 minutes, schedule time, and I noticed a constantly growing agitation on the part of Hansler. He talked to himself, hung out angry words which sounded sometimes like a curse, gesticulated violently with his hands and seemed to forget entirely where we were.

Through the three intervening stations to Jüterbog we ran at a terrific rate, with no slackening of speed. I did not dare call Hansler's attention to his gauge, for on this point he was very sensitive, but when, before reaching the Jüterbog station, we received the telegraphic signal to slow up, and Hansler did not mind it in the least, I stepped up beside him and turned the lever a little myself, for otherwise we would not, under any circumstances, have been able to bring the train to a standstill in the station. Whereupon Hansler closed the regulator himself and kept his place doggedly at the step.

At 3 o'clock 52 minutes we pulled out of Jüterbog and 14 minutes later drew up in Luckenwalde. Contrary to his deportment on the preceding trip, Hansler had become very quiet, but his face darkened perceptibly, and when, shortly before coming to the station, I reached for the throttle, thinking that Hansler would again forget to slow up the train, I received from him a rough push, and his voice was raised to almost a scream as he called to me: "What do you want? That is my business!"

The stop of a minute in Luckenwalde was utilized by me to put on fresh coal. Then we sped away again. Nearly 31 miles—that is, half the run to Berlin—now lay before us. Hansler was at his post. Suddenly he laid hold of my arm and said:

"Did you see him?"

"Whom?" I asked, in astonishment.

"He looked out of the coupe in Falkenberg," said Hansler. "He comes from Vienna, and I've got him this time."

"Whom do you mean?" I asked, naturally surprised.

"Rothschild," said Hansler. "He is coming from Vienna to carry off the gold that he has stolen from me, and now he intends to carry me off too. But I've got him fast this time. Throw on sand! We must steam!"

I opened the door of the firebox and saw that enough coal had been put in.

"It is not yet time to throw on more, Herr Hansler," I explained.

In a rage he seized the chain, by means of which one opens the self-closing door of the firebox, and exclaimed angrily:

"Shovel in the coal! I need more steam. I am going to run straight through Berlin, directly into the sea. There I will drown Rothschild, and then he shall not take my gold again. Will you obey me or not?"

Hansler suddenly seized a double-screw wrench which hung convenient to the engineer's desk, raised it aloft, and looked as if he would strike me down. I threw on coal until Hansler cried:

"Enough, for the time! But look after the fire. I need 60 atmospheres pres-

sure. We are going to run three hours fast, without stopping."

Any man is likely to utter an unconsidered remark, but the matter becomes somewhat grave when he complacently when he is in the company of a madman upon an express locomotive which is forging ahead with a velocity of 50 miles an hour. I will add just here that I thought with terror of the 300 passengers in the train behind us, who had no suspicion of the danger which hovered over them. The engineer, out of his mind as it appeared, standing close to the front of the train, and determined, under the circumstances, to bring the train to a stop in the terminal station at Berlin, but to forge ahead with it—that is to cause a catastrophe in which probably half the passengers would meet their death!

Of what use was it for me to try to force Hansler from his position at the defective boiler and bring the locomotive to a standstill? He would strike me down if I merely reached out a hand. I looked at his eyes, flaming with anger, as he watched me suspiciously. I might gesticulate and call ever so loudly, to draw the attention of the officials in the stations through which we passed. It would be of no avail, for only one man could stop the train, and that was Hansler, the mad engineer.

At first I was as one paralyzed, but then I told myself it was sheer cowardice to give everything up for lost. I would gladly have talked to Hansler, but I knew not what I ought to say. I should only provoke him by opposition, and to begin an indifferent conversation—that was a task to which I did not feel myself equal. Nevertheless, I must do something to divert his attention from me. He continued to regard me with the suspicion that is peculiar to all demented persons and only ordered me, now and then, in crisp words, to throw fresh coal into the firebox. The iron wrench he held firmly, and every time he gave me the command to throw on coal he raised it threateningly. It was necessary for me to calm him and distract his attention, because my aim was to get possession of the two large screw bars which lay in the chest behind me. There was no other possibility of saving the train and passengers but to strike Hansler down at the critical moment.

God knows it came hard enough for me to fall to the floor, like a wild beast, a man whom I honored and loved. But when it was a question of the rescue of 300 human beings there could be no room for hesitation. Lundingsfelde was passed. We had nearly 15 miles yet to make, and before us lay perhaps 20 minutes of time. I shall never forget how frightfully absurd, in spite of the horror of the situation, I seemed to myself when I addressed to Hansler the remark:

"It is cooler than usual, this evening."

Hansler cast a look of distrust upon me and was silent.

"You wife will be waiting for you at the station," I remarked as calmly as possible.

"That's no matter!" he exclaimed.

"I shall run through, anyway. I shall run straight through, at one stretch, into the North sea. I shall not stop again."

"Won't your wife wonder at it?" I asked as innocently as I could.

"Of course she will wonder," said Hansler, laughing. "But when she sees Rothschild on the train she will wonder no longer. She will know then that I am going to drown him. Besides, we shall return at once. She will only be kept waiting half an hour."

We flew past Groezbaeren without lessening, in the slightest degree, the speed of the train. We were nearing Groezlichterfelde, where, owing to our being ahead of time, we might easily find a Berlin local standing on the track. The train had been announced from the last station, and the signal "open" was up. Enveloped in a thick cloud of dust, which had been whirled up by our wild flight, we rushed through this place also. The engine, as it passed through Herzstrucke and Weichenkreuz, seemed to make veritable leaps.

Like a vision Lichterfelde, with its houses, flew past, and we sped onward toward the mighty Berlin station whose hundreds of lights gleamed far ahead of us.

I looked out toward the right and thought I could not be deceived when I noted in the far distance the red light of the danger signal for our train. We stood on the verge of a catastrophe; in a few seconds not only my own fate, but that of the 300 passengers behind me would be sealed.

Plainly I saw the signal "stop" for our train; the station was free to us. I could feel that my hair was standing erect on my head from fright and apprehension. I became in a certain sense insane myself.

With mad swiftness we were nearing the danger signal. I seized Hansler's arm and cried with an awful voice in his ear:

"Red light! (Roth light.)"

Hansler stared at me, and then cried:

"Rothschild! Where is he?"

"Red light, there ahead!" I shouted again, with all the force of my lungs.

"Rothschild, there ahead!" said Hansler, after me.

Then with a piercing yell he suddenly broke away and swung himself out upon the narrow little gallery which runs along the locomotive's boiler and is provided with a railing. He supposed, in his madness, that his enemy, Rothschild, was there in front of us and wished to get at him. I tore the heavy screw out of the tool chest; then I sprang into the empty place. I dared not shut off the steam at once, lest the train should close up on itself like a hand hammer, and a fearful disaster be the result. Gradually I pushed in the throttle and noticed that the train was running slower. I turned on the steam for the airbrakes and heard directly the grinding and rumbling of the brakes. Then I shut off the steam—the train

came to a stop close to the danger signal.

Again I heard the piercing yell from Hansler, who had crouched on the front of the locomotive. I saw him raise himself and leap from the engine; then he sprang up and ran shrieking away between the smoking rails.

Not a minute being on that train had any intimation of the danger which had threatened us. That of the station came the long express needed toward us. With this train, which was closely packed with passengers, as is usual at that hour of the evening, we should have come into collision at full speed in the station.

Our train received the signal to go ahead, and I steamed slowly into the station. We arrived ten minutes ahead of time. The inspector hurried up at once with the conductor and demanded an explanation; they were amazed to find me alone, and I was so overcome by all that I had gone through in these last few moments that I could with difficulty give them the desired information. From Hansler was naturally surprised when she did not see her husband, and I could not keep back the sad news that he had gone insane.

I was myself so broken down mentally that I remained off duty for several days by direction of the railway's physician.

When I reported for duty once more, I learned that Hansler, who was stark mad, had been captured in the station that same night, and the following morning had been taken to a lunatic asylum. The cause of this outbreak of insanity in him was the loss of his entire savings. He had entrusted them to a small banker, and the latter had absconded with all his deposits.—Translated from the German For Short Stories.

London's Oldest Hospital.

St. Bartholomew's, it is pretty well agreed, was founded as long ago as 1123 by Rahere, who subsequently founded the priory of St. Bartholomew. The hospital had an independent constitution and a separate estate, but was for some purposes under the control of the priory, of which the church still remains in Smithfield. From the beginning it was a hospital for the sick and not a mere almshouse, and this is distinctly expressed in a grant of privileges to it by Edward III. Among its early benefactors were Thomas a Becket, archbishop of Canterbury; Henry FitzAlwin, the first mayor of London; William Longespée, one of the witnesses of Magna Charta, and King Henry III. The hospital and the priory were finally separated in the dissolution of the priory in 1537, and a few years later the hospital and its revenues, like most things he could lay his hands on, came into the possession of Henry VIII. In 1547, however, the Merry Monarch, at the petition of Sir Richard Cressham, lord mayor of London, reformed it by royal charter and soon after granted it a fresh charter, which gave back to the foundation the greater portion of its former revenues. At this time the hospital contained 100 beds, an accommodation which has since increased sevenfold. The medical school appears to have come into existence about 1660. Twenty years before that, Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was a physician to the hospital. Many distinguished surgeons and physicians have worked within its walls since then, and not the least celebrated John Abernethy, who was elected assistant surgeon in 1787.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Indian Forest Flies.

Miss Eleanor Ormerod, in a letter to The Veterinary Record, gives some interesting details of Indian forest flies, which, after all, are not very unlike the horrible pests of the same name which frequent the woods of southern England and most distinctly make life "not worth living" to the poor horses whom they select as victims. Miss Ormerod says that "some horses are driven mad by the presence of a single fly, and in driving along not infrequently start kicking most violently, frequently running away with the carriage," etc.

This has reference to the Indian specimen, but we read that the English winged demon has a "large curved claw with a sawlike edge beneath it, with grooves down the lower part of the side of the claw, so that each groove runs to the notch between each tooth, the claws, when laid side by side, forming a most powerful grasping instrument." Realizing, however faintly, what suffering such creatures can inflict on their prey, surely no one will hesitate to get down at once to search for, and if found pull off, the forest fly when a horse becomes suddenly irritable and fractious while being driven through country lanes or woods.

White House Windows.

The White House windows up stairs are not very large, but the house is antiquated, and the work of cleaning it is complicated. Most of the window panes have to be taken out and stood upon the floor as one washes a looking glass. Two support the sash on each side while two work upon it, rubbing on polishing stuff and drying fast. After them comes the glass remover. He, talented man, can smooth over scratches and blemishes and polish down the glass again when it is again cleaned. The cabinet maker, too, is called in for setting the panes firmly in place, for they become loose from the many visitors who lean against them in the course of a year, and after the windows are well repaired come the carpenters and painters to put in place and touch up until new again. This is a great lot of work when 50 or 100 windows are to be fixed.

From Her Standpoint.

Fond Father—But I don't altogether approve of your admirer, my love. I'm afraid he has sadly wasted his opportunities.

Fair Daughter (who has received a proposal)—Then you're quite mistaken, papa, for last night in the conservatory was the first real chance he had had.—London Tit-Bits.



Indulgent Collars, Breast Pads and Saddles Have Long Been Known.

From 1836 until 1880, very little if anything was done in the way of improving the pneumatic pad, but in the latter year a Baltimore inventor secured a patent for a big saddle pad which was inflatable and connected to the saddle by a short strap attached to the check block and buttoned over the inflating nozzle or valve.

Owing to the liability of the pad being punctured or burst by overinflation, it was found desirable to increase the air sack within a leather sheath or cover. A patent was secured by two Ohioans for a horse collar comprising a stout leather cover or sheath, with an opening at the upper end to admit the air sack. The sheath prevented the sack from being overinflated, and also protected the sack from danger of puncture. The fore valve of the collar was formed by inserting an ordinary rubber tube or hose within the cover, and permanently connected thereto by a line of stitches in the harnesscase. The air sack, which formed the padding for the after valve, was removable and was provided with an inflating nozzle at the upper end. This collar was adapted to be used with or without harness, and for this purpose metal strips were secured by rivets on the inner side of the cover, and line rings and draft straps were attached to the strips.

About this time applications for patents for various improvements in the construction in pneumatic collars, saddles, pads and other parts of harness came into the office from all parts of the country, and the result is that the recent patents in this class of devices show great improvements both in the general structure and in the materials made use of.

In 1892 a patent was granted for an inflatable collar consisting of an outer covering of leather and an inner inflatable sack made of rubber cloth or a layer of silk cemented to a backing of stout linen, this lining forming a light, strong, airtight and flexible foundation for the smooth leather wearing for the withers of the horse. Both valves of this collar are hollow and are not stitched together at the frame crease, but are reinforced at that point by a piece of leather which serves to take some of the wear off the frame. An inflatable neck pad may be used with the collar.

Many improvements in minor details have been patented in this line, until the art today is highly developed. Quite recently a patent was issued for a collar having a sheet metal outer frame made in two sections, one adjustable upon the other, so that the collar can be lengthened or shortened to fit the animals of varying sizes, and a series of flexible air receptacles connected to the inner surface of the frame. Each air cushion is separately inflatable, and in order to prevent the collar from bearing upon a galled or sore place upon the neck of the animal one or more of the cushions may be collapsed or only partially inflated to bridge over the sore.

Patents have been granted for inflatable breast collars and interfering boots.—Harrison Gazette.

Marketable Horses.

All horses to demand the highest market price should be sound, in good flesh, as smooth as possible and 5 to 7 years old. Heavy draft horses, 1,500 to 1,800 pounds, need not be broken otherwise than to double harness. Smaller horses should be broken to single harness, though matched teams of chunks, 2,400 to 2,800 pounds, sell at very satisfactory prices as double workers only. Drivers should always be broken to single harness. Four-year-olds of large size, 1,500 pounds and upward, sell well when broken to double harness at a reduction of \$15 to \$25 from a 5 or 6 year old. None should be marketed except when fairly well broken. If possible, none should be much less than 4 years old. It is a common practice nowadays for farmers to club together and make up loads of horses for the Chicago market and by doing so get the market price and the lowest freight and commission rates. For distance less than 300 miles an ordinary stock car is regarded good enough. A couple of hundred pounds of hay should be scattered in car. A full car depends upon the size of cars and horses. Eighteen to twenty horses constitute a load, and it is better to have them comfortably filled than either too few or too many. When the number is less than a load, they should be securely tied. Horses should be shed forward, but not behind.—Horse World.

Fine Poland-China Stock.

The boss hog of this country is undoubtedly the Poland-China, so far as popularity is concerned. Its quick growing, readily fattening qualities have

won for it favor over any other breed. There may be other breeds as good; there is none that so many people think is so good.

In the picture is shown a female from one of the famous herds of the western part of the prairie belt. An animal with more meat or less waste on its body cannot be found anywhere. The bones must necessarily be strong and well knit to carry so great a weight of pork. The deep sides, round ribs, moaty hams and immense back of this animal are hard to match.

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EXTRACTS

The Most Flavors Under the Sun

KITCHEN HINTS.

Meat of any kind used for should be cut into dice, but no larger than one-half an inch, or it will seem like hash.

A loaf of bread when risen for the oven should be at least the size it was when first put in bread pan to raise.

Any vegetables may be used vegetable soup, but judgment should be shown in the combination. well to cut the vegetables into shapes with cutters or into balls a small potato soup.

Baked lobsters are considered great delicacy. Split the lobster open, remove the stomach, or the intestine. Lay the pieces in a baking pan. Spread the top of each with butter and ter and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake about 40 minutes in a hot oven. During the baking baste it twice pouring over it a little melted butter.

The Baby's Colic Cure.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O.—"Our boy when three weeks old was troubled with severe attacks of colic. Our druggist recommended Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We used until baby was eight months. The effect from the start was magical, giving instant relief and no effects. I recommended it with pleasure to every mother in the place. Mrs. C. W. Cramer." Dr. H. Remedies for children sold by druggists for 25c.

No beauty without good health. No good health with impure blood. No impure blood if Foley's Sarsaparilla is used. Trial size, 50c. H. Vorkamp, n. e. corner Main North streets.

A Grim Reality.

Merchant (on discovering a man his cellar)—Who are you?

Stranger—The gas man. I came to see by your meter how much gas you have used during the month.

Merchant—Good gracious! I hoping you were only a burglar!

Profrat de Boheme.

C. H. & D. RY.

EXCURSIONS

Via C. H. & D. Ry. Co.

The Florida Season

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A TOLERABLE EGG.

Who would be content with a tolerable egg? No one! It must be the best, or no one wants it.

Why take life assurance in a tolerable company? It costs no more to insure in the best company. A life assurance policy should be like Caesar's wife—or an egg—above suspicion.

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TALES OF THE TOWN

Mr. Robert Traub is able to be around again.

The K. A. E. O. will meet in regular session Monday evening.

Mrs. Margaret McClure, a sister of Mrs. Wm. Wulower who died at West Liberty Thursday was buried at Round Head this afternoon.

Mrs. Abe Grider is dangerously ill at her home near the infirmary. Her mother, Mrs. Peter Slusser, of St. Johns avenue is at her bedside.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hutchinson, of 164 Harrison avenue died last evening. The remains were interred at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The funeral service of Timothy Kalher was held at St. Rose church this morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. L. B. Brady officiating. Interment took place in the Catholic cemetery.

The 6 months old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Leady, who live three miles north of the city, died last evening. The funeral services will be held from Sugar Creek church at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

In the capacity of Allen county game warden, to which authority he was recently appointed, Harry Johnson says he is on the lookout for violators of the state game laws and will give them a merry chase to keep out of his way.

OIL AND GAS

Sanderson & Harrison's well on the Meyer farm, section 3, was drilled deeper and shut but showed no oil. The rig was removed to a location south of Kossuth.

The Wilkin well has been abandoned after being shot.

The T. C. Co. is in authority for the statement that the Standard Oil Company contemplates building a refinery in east Toledo.

Dalder, Hall & Co. who have the Jones farm about two miles east of the Elias Crite well are preparing to put down a well.

The Allen well, northeast of the Eagle Refinery reached the sand at 23 feet, fifty feet deeper than at the Hixenbaugh well. At twenty feet in the sand to day, the well is worth a fair use.

The well on the James McArthur farm south of the Hixenbaugh, was showing for a small well this morning. It is south of the C. & E. and west of the brick school house, on the road to McBeth's lake.

HOUSE BREAKER

Found in John A. Plock's Residence Early Last Evening

The fellow was knocked down by Mr. Plock, but managed to escape after a lively chase.

About 10 o'clock last evening, John A. Plock discovered a burglar in his home at 12 west Wayne street, in the act of ransacking the contents of the front room.

Mr. Plock at first was in the rear part of the house when they heard a noise in the front room and taking a lamp Mr. Plock entered the room and was surprised to find a burglar there. The fellow had a long steel in his hand with which he had forced open one of the front windows and was gazing in at the street. While he was trying to get the front door open to escape, after seeing that he had been caught, the negro pretended that he had made a mistake, thinking he was entering the house of an acquaintance. By the time he got the door open Mr. Plock discovered the open window, and naturally concluded that the negro was a burglar. He started after him and had the satisfaction of landing a blow on the back of the intruder's neck that knocked him across the front porch. Plock chased him to Main street and down an alley toward Dunfield's grocery, but the fellow outdistanced him and escaped.

Nothing has been missed from the Plock residence, and it is supposed the fellow was disturbed before he had found anything to steal.

AFTER THE JUNK MAN.

Attorney for the Ohio Oil Co. Makes Charges Against Edsell

For Receiving the Goods Stolen From the Oil Wells on the Ditzler and Crossley Farms—Edsell Before the Mayor Last Evening

The recent wholesale stealing of oil well supplies from the Ohio Oil company's wells on the Crossley and Ditzler leases, not only promises serious trouble for Wm. Hadding and Frank Crawford, who were charged with the stealing, and are now in the county jail awaiting the action of the grand jury, but is also likely to cause trouble for S. P. Edsell, the junk dealer who purchased a portion of the stolen property.

Yesterday afternoon the attorney for the Ohio Oil company appeared before the mayor with an affidavit in which Edsell is charged with receiving stolen goods and as soon as the necessary papers were prepared Edsell was notified to appear before the mayor to answer to the charge. He appeared at the mayor's office at 7 o'clock last evening, being spared the humiliation of a formal arrest and when the charge was read to him he promptly pleaded not guilty. He was released upon his own recognizance and the case set for a preliminary hearing at 10 o'clock this afternoon.

Whether or not Edsell is guilty of having purchased the property, knowing that it had been stolen, remains to be decided by the courts. Edsell claims that the men, Hadding and Crawford, had been doing considerable dealing with him and so far as he knew they had got possession of the junk honestly.

Edsell has dealt in junk in this city for the past ten years and has always been considered a reputable citizen.

NO SERVICES

At Grace M. E. Church To-morrow on Account of the Cold Weather

On account of the extremely cold weather and the inability of the janitor to heat Grace M. E. church with the present heating facilities there will be no services of any kind at the church to-morrow.

ABOUT PEOPLE

Who They Are, Where They Have Been and Are Going

Mrs. Sallie Cross returned from a visit at Canton, this afternoon.

Mrs. Dr. Huntley, of Lima is the guest of friends in the city—Kenton News.

Frank Miller, of Nashville, Tennessee, is visiting his sister, Mrs. John Shenk, of east Elm street.

Miss Berge Conners, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Maggie Shook, of west Vine street.

Mr. James McKean has returned from New York City, where he passed the holidays with his aged mother.

Mrs. O'Brien and daughter Clara of Marietta, returned to day after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sullivan.

Mark Williams, of Chicago, is visiting J. R. Smith and wife, of south line street and J. H. Watkins and family of south Main street.

Misses Mabel Longworth and Grace Davis returned home from Lima yesterday afternoon, where they visited at the home of Sheriff Fisher.

Miss Daisy Craven was brought home from Lima again yesterday by her father, who was called there by a telegram announcing her illness—James Edwards and wife, of Van Wert, are guests of Mr. and



This bird represents the opposition when Dr. Sullivan opened his office in Lima.

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO COMPARISON!

Between Dr. Sullivan's VITALIZED AIR and the gas and local applications used by other dentists. OUR OWN AIR is perfectly safe for nervous and delicate people. Those who have heart diseases can feel perfectly safe in taking it, as we have given it to thousands of people the most satisfactory results. You can have from 1 to 32 teeth extracted at one sitting, and not have your gums poisoned and butchered done with the other methods. Try ours once, and you will agree every claim we make for it.

LOOK AT THIS SPECIAL:

All of next week, we will make you the finest set of teeth on rubber for

\$7.50

\$7.50

\$7.50

Regular \$10 and \$12 work. Also the best set on the BEAUTIFUL ZYLONITE PLATE for \$10, regular price, \$15. Ask to see our sample of them, as they are extremely beautiful. We will

EXTRACT YOUR TEETH FREE!

In connection with this work, and you must make your contract before Saturday evening, Jan. '96, and pay \$2.50 on each set of teeth to secure them at that price.

REMEMBER, we do a STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS, but we guarantee the finest work in branches at reasonable prices, and recognize no competition. We set the pace, and let the imitators and pretenders copy. Our work speaks for itself. Come in next week and save \$2.50 to \$5.00.

Lady attendant.

Painlessly yours,



DR. D. H. SULLIVAN,

Over Bell's Dry Goods Store. Bell Telephone, No. 231.

NO RELIEF

Will be Felt for the Next Twenty-four Hours

The Mercury was as Low as Ten Degrees Below in Lima Last Night

There is no relief from the present cold wave for at least the next twenty-four hours.

The mercury registered from 8 to 10 degrees below in this city, last night and early this morning and the indications are for the same to night.

Over the extreme northwest the barometer has fallen, and there are indications of a disturbance advancing from that section.

Over the extreme west and north-west the temperature has risen but over the remainder of the country it has fallen from 10 to 50 degrees since yesterday.

The conditions are favorable for it to continue cold over this section during the next twenty-four hours.

Are You Waiting to Die?

Has your case become so hopeless that physicians have given you up? Have friends gathered around you with sympathetic tenderness? Have you yourself at last reached the conclusion that earth holds no power to stay the ravages of disease? Raise your drooping spirits. Take courage. Rouse what little hope yet remains. There is one who can help—there is one who will cure. He is Dr. Ottman, the great specialist of Columbus, O. His skill has saved the lives of hundreds, may save your life. Disease in all its intricate forms readily yields to his treatment. No malady, no affliction seems to escape his seemingly marvelous power. His theoretical knowledge is vast, his practical knowledge gained in years of experience with every form of disease is conceded to be extraordinary. These graces nothing remain but the natural deduction that a successful issue is sure to result to those afflicted ones who avail themselves of an opportunity to consult and treat with Dr. Ottman. Submitting to many urgent requests this physician will visit Lima, Ohio, Monday, Jan. 6th, '96 in the private parlor of the Hotel, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. (one day only). Consultation free and strictly confidential.

Hand Burned

Last evening Lewis Furry, of the street car transfer station, filled an oil tank connecting with a gas generator without shutting off the burner and when he applied a light to the burner a moment later the accumulated gas ignited and burned his hand.

LIMITED WRECKED

Passenger Train on the Erie Runs Into an Open Switch

West bound passenger train No. 4, due here on the C. & E. at 11:30 o'clock a. m. ran into an open switch in the Meadville, Pa., yards yesterday morning and couched with another engine. The train is the New York and Chicago vestibuled limited and was running at the rate of 40 or 50 miles an hour.

The engineer, fireman, Pullman car conductor and nine passengers were hurt, but not so seriously that they could continue their journey, attended by the company's surgeon.

The train was delayed about 3 hours on account of the accident.

Y M C A

Six Months' Study of Luke—The Gym Classes Resume—Notes

Sunday School lesson study to night at 7 o'clock. This will be the start of a six months' study of Luke, and all in any way interested will be made welcome.

Major Handy's lecture last evening was very enjoyable. He has a most pleasing and entertaining manner. All who heard him want to listen to him again.

The additional boiler for hot water has arrived and will be put in place as soon as possible. When this is arranged there will be no possibility of a leak from water.

The preliminary announcement of the state convention of 96 to be held in Mansfield next month has been sent out, and indicates that the people of that city are planning for a great affair. The railroad rate will be one fare for the round trip about \$2.50 from Lima. With this very low rate Lima should have a large delegation present to bring home enthusiasm and instruction in the association work.

The business men's gymnasium class made a good start in their work last evening. The seniors will have their first meeting to night at 8 o'clock and the clerks meet Monday at 8 o'clock.

Men's meeting to-morrow at 8 o'clock. Good speaking and singing. All men are cordially invited.

G. E. BLUEM

G. E. BLUEM.

TO-NIGHT, Underwear Sale!

Ladies', Children's and Men's

Underwear Sale! . .

To-Night.

See our front counter, and take your choice at

HALF PRICE.

This will be a great bargain, so take advantage of this sale. They will keep you warm.

G. E. BLUEM,
57 PUBLIC SQUARE.

THE DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS AND CLOAK HOUSE.